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AUTUMN 1980

NUMBER 2  
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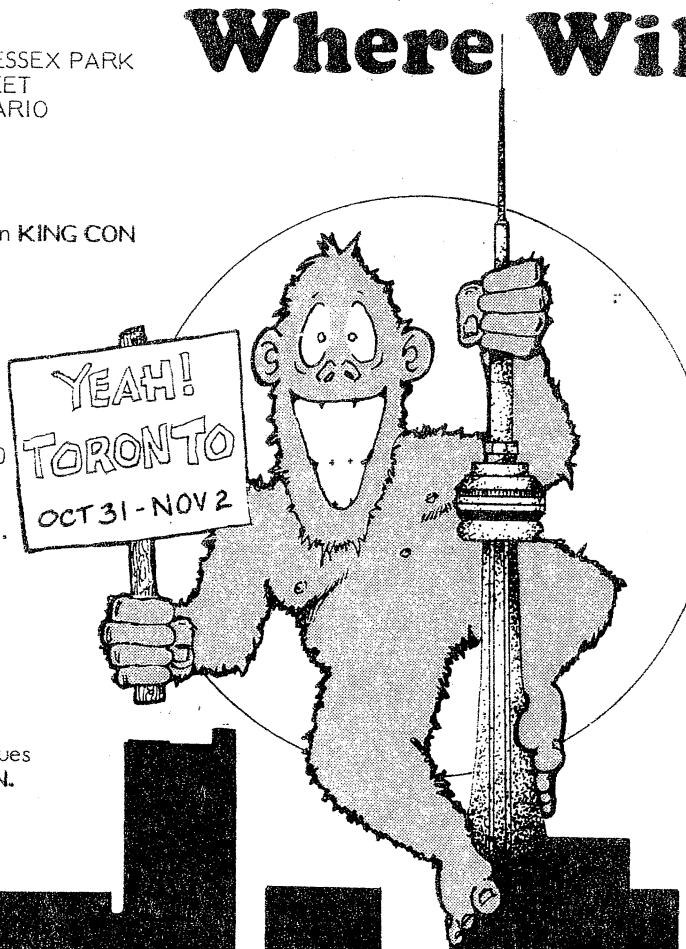
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# MIRIAD

AUT. 1980  
NUMBER 2

THE MAGAZINE WHICH INSPIRES DECADENCE



## PUBLISHERS

Kevin Davies  
Bill Marks

## COPY EDITOR

Hania Wojtowicz

## PRODUCTION

Kevin Davies

## ARTISTS

Kevin Davies  
Adam Smith

## CONTRIBUTORS

Tom Hogue  
Mary Horsburgh  
Tanya Huff  
Adam Smith

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## INTRODUCTION

Well here we are again, masochistic fools that we are. Like most other publishers we learned through the experiences involved in producing our first issue and interpreted the little downfalls encountered as constructive advice. The only problem was that our conclusions told us not to produce another one. Oh well, who listens to advice anyway!

Adam, it seems. Upon seeing the deficit figures involved in producing our first issue, he informed me of his decision that it would be financially healthier for him if he was not involved in publishing another one. On the other hand, it has always taken things a little longer to sink in with me, and noting that my bankbook is already in great pain, I assumed that a little more wouldn't change much; so I'm giving it another shot before I raise the white flag.

But I am not alone! Bill Marks, an old friend of mine and fellow Droog, has decided to give it a shot. You'll hear more about our fateful fusion in our next issue, if he survives that long. Or if the magazine does, for that matter.

Other notables this issue include a few format changes. For example, the season rather than the month is shown to represent the publication date of the magazine. This was initiated with the intention of extending our shelf life so that hopefully we won't lose as much money with this one.

You may also notice that this issue carries a bit of a Halloween theme to it. We truly had no idea that this was the case until someone pointed it out to me on the way to the printer. The preceeding line was added as a possible sales pitch. Overall though, you may find it to be a more serious effort as far as subject matter is concerned, with a broader interest potential in the articles, while still maintaining a personally written approach. Then again, you may not.

I'm glad that you've joined us for our second issue. Feel free to write me as to your thoughts and considerations for this and future issues. I'd like to hear from you.

Until then, enjoy.

*Kevin Davies*

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# THE SHINING



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by Kevin Davies

When I first saw 'The Shining', the current \$18 million feature by director Stanley Kubrick, I realized that I had made a grave error prior to entering the theatre - I had read the book. I see this as a mistake not because I thought the novel by Stephen King to be bad, for I thought it was brilliant, but because my enjoyment of the novel hindered my enjoyment of the film. You see, when I went to see 'The Shining' I had convinced myself that I would be seeing exactly what I had read adapted to film. I had forgotten one thing though - Kubrick.

## THE DIRECTOR

Stanley Kubrick is one of the few filmmakers today who has the power to exert complete control over whatever project he may decide to undertake, and in this case he wanted to make a film of the supernatural. After buying several hundred supernatural novels, he would sit in his office daily, reading the first few pages of each and then, not finding what he was looking for, would discard them across the room where they would land with a thump against the

wall. One day the thumps stopped. Kubrick's secretary listened outside for a few minutes and then ventured into the room. "This is it," he cried. He was reading 'The Shining'.

The novel itself is a masterpiece. Primarily the story of a Colorado hotel, and the family of three who are hired to take care of it during the winter off-season. Perched high atop an isolated snowcapped mountain it seems the Overlook Hotel, a massive building of 110 rooms, is the harbour of many apparitions of the past, giving the hotel an almost psychic consciousness. The Torrance's five year old son Danny, appears to possess a psychic talent of his own, enabling him to see the future in fragments with the assistance of his "imaginary" friend Tony. Prior to his arrival at the Hotel, Danny is plagued by a cascade of nightmares and devilish visions of himself being chased by some thing within the Overlook Hotel.

Once ice seals them within the claustrophobic walls of the shadowy structure, the nightmares evolve into a horrifying reality. The Overlook it

seems intends to add the boy to its collection of spectres, making use of his powerful psychic ability to increase its own spiritual strength. By arousing the temperamental father's curiosity in the Hotel's past it utilizes him as a tool to obtain its goal. The climax is magnificent, involving a psychic call for help from the boy to the Hotel's cook, also a 'Shine', and his battle against the Overlook and the elements to return, while the mother and the child fight for their lives against the father, now totally possessed by the hotel.

At the time of Kubrick's decision to make 'The Shining', King had already written a script for Warner Brothers. Kubrick chose not to read it. Instead he worked with novelist Diane Johnson in the attempt to infuse his own ideas into the film.

King kept away from the set for the most part allowing Kubrick to do as he would with his work, although he was approached on a few occasions by Kubrick, calling him at his home in Maine, to gain advice on certain points of character and plot.

The actual film developments

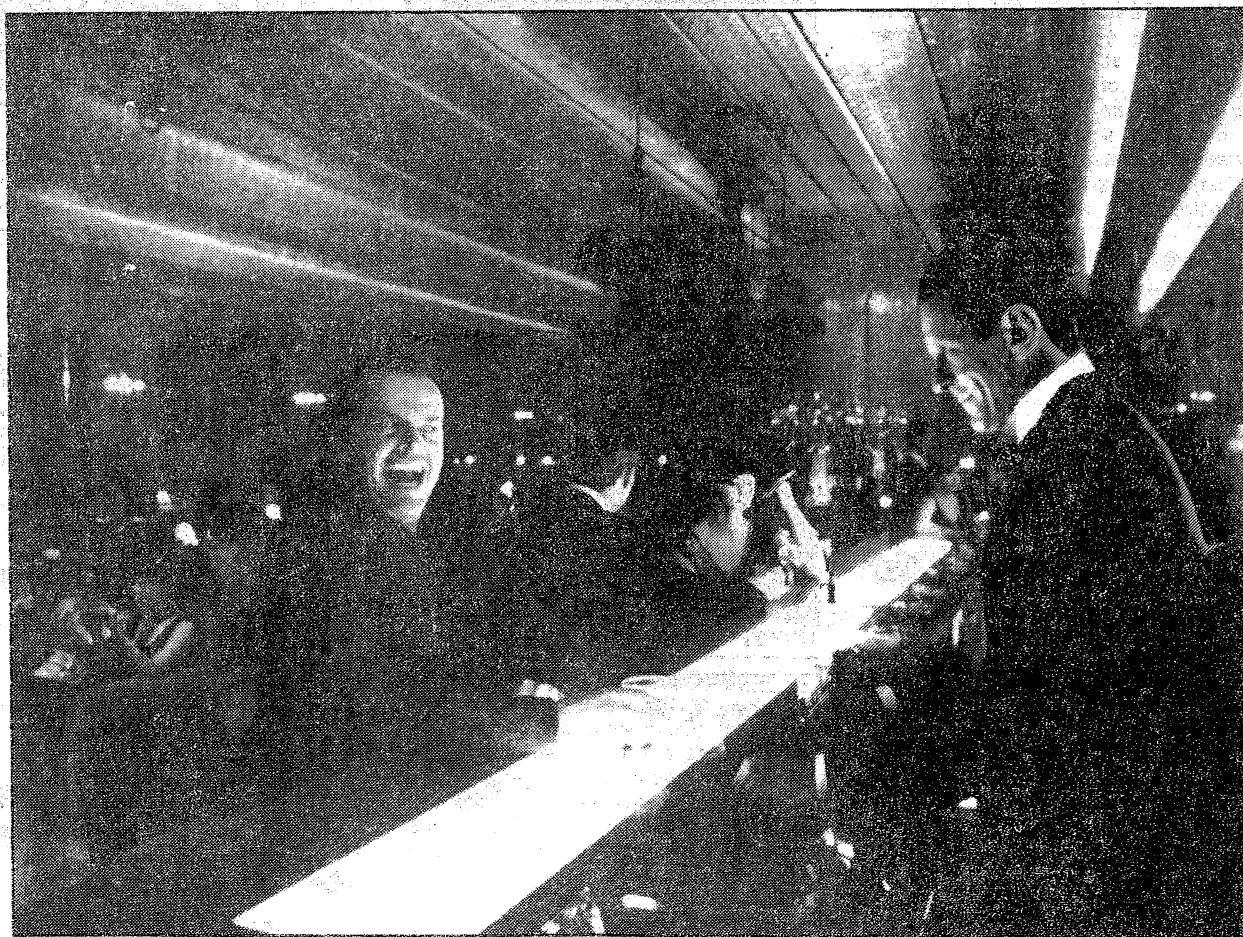




Scatman Crothers speeds to a misfortunate rescue



Wendy fears for her son



Jack Torrance converses with the Overlook's sinister bartender Lloyd

were kept secret during production with both actors and crew forbidden to discuss it publicly, although it was known that Kubrick was making a few changes to the plot. King reported, "The movie, as he shot it anyway, follows the salient points of the book". One of the changes imposed on the film was due to the technical difficulty involved in producing satisfactory special effects for a scene involving the animation of a series of hedge animals. An elaborate hedge maze was built to take its place.

The possibility of a different ending to the story was also exchanged between King and Kubrick. Kubrick proposed that in the final scene, the family be seen sitting in the hotel, pleasantly dining while the manager is greeting the new caretaker. Though the caretaker's family walk right past the table they do not see the Torrances, as they have become invisible. When Kubrick asked for King's opinion on his idea, King replied that he thought the audience might feel cheated.

### PRODUCTION

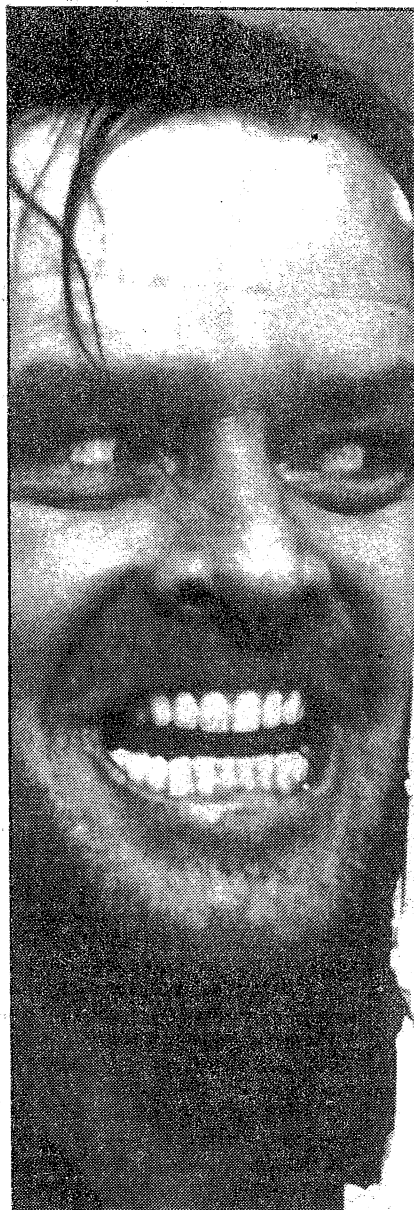
Once having obtained access to EMI-Elstree Studios outside London, Kubrick didn't just occupy the grounds, he took over. For the marathon production, lasting forty-six weeks, from May 1978 to April 1979, he had an entire facade of the Overlook built and two full scale mockups of the Hedge Maze, one smaller than the other, to be filmed from above. For the midwinter scenes, tons of white salt were dumped over the lawns of the Elstree backlot, with the soil still attempting to recover from the effects.

Though preproduction work was shot by the second unit in Washington state, Kubrick himself spent most of his time in the London studios. "The Shining's" extended occupation of Elstree studios also affected other productions scheduled for its use, including 'Flash Gordon' and 'The Empire Strikes Back'. Then in February of 1979, after a day of shooting, an accidental fire virtually obliterated sound stage 3, scheduled for later use by 'Empire'. Kubrick moved his production unit to another sound stage, taking up more room, while George Lucas, who was through with hassles, built a sound stage of his own. The eventual budget of \$18 million moved Stephen King to the caustic comment "I managed to create 'The Shining' for a total cost of \$4.50."

Incidentally, King's recent novel 'The Stand' is soon to be filmed by George A. Romero, with a script written by him. His latest novel, 'Firestarter', has been bought for \$1 million by the British based company Allied Stars.

### MASTERPIECE OR MESS

The final result to me stands as an interesting piece of film, and ranks in a class of its own, but not as a masterpiece of modern horror. Kubrick has moulded the story into a fascinating game - one which is played with the actors by Torrance and the Overlook, and the other is played with us, the audience. As long as you're willing to sit through the film and not



Honey, I'm home.

commit yourself to any reference to the book, or the logic behind what is happening you'll survive. If the film begins to aggravate you, you lose.

From his initial comments in the car to his conversation with the Overlook's manager Mr. Ullman, we can see that Jack Torrance is quite mad, or soon will be. Since the characters didn't seem to take themselves seriously (no let me rephrase that), since Jack didn't take

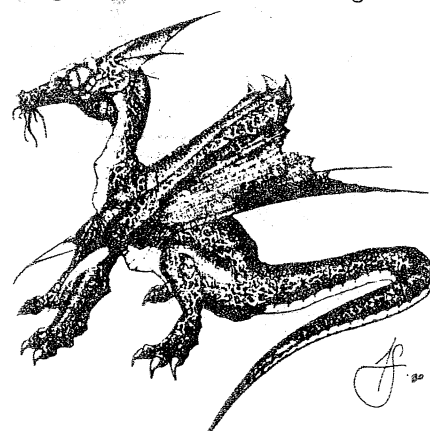
himself seriously, neither did I. The other characters were either so symbolic or impersonally handled that it was difficult to believe or feel for them. I felt no pity for the wife, I wanted the kid killed so he would stop playing with his finger, and by the end of the film I found myself, along with many others, rooting for the bad guy with the axe, just hoping that something would happen.

The techniques used to get an audience reaction are well employed though even if they do appear to drag on. The follow shot of Danny on his 'Big Wheel' tricycle and the change of flooring causing a modified sound is a prime example of the excellent methods used to build tension in the audience.

The bar sequence and later Jack's conversation with Grady was the highlight of the film, followed closely by the shot of Wendy and Danny imaginarily walking through a miniature hedge maze on a table as Jack looks on. The bathroom scene in Room 327 (what happened to 217) was also finely executed, although it bore a strikingly resemblance to a similar scene appearing in Burt I. Gordon's 'Saint George and the Seven Curses' from United Artists in 1961.

The film's conclusion once again confirms my original thought that it should not be compared to the book. Overall it's the study of a man who is initially on the verge of insanity, which is no secret to the audience, who is pushed over the edge through the psychic influence of the evil Overlook. We are met with a slight surprise at the close of the film when we are shown an old photograph in which Jack Torrance appears. Suddenly fate comes into the picture, with an aspect of the importance of the boy's ability to 'Shine' being lost somewhere in the title.

It is a Kubrick film - no more, no less. The cinematography is excellent, the plot is interesting though not classical, and Kubrick and Nicholson thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I left the theatre hoping that some day someone would dig up the Stephen King script and film 'The Shining'.



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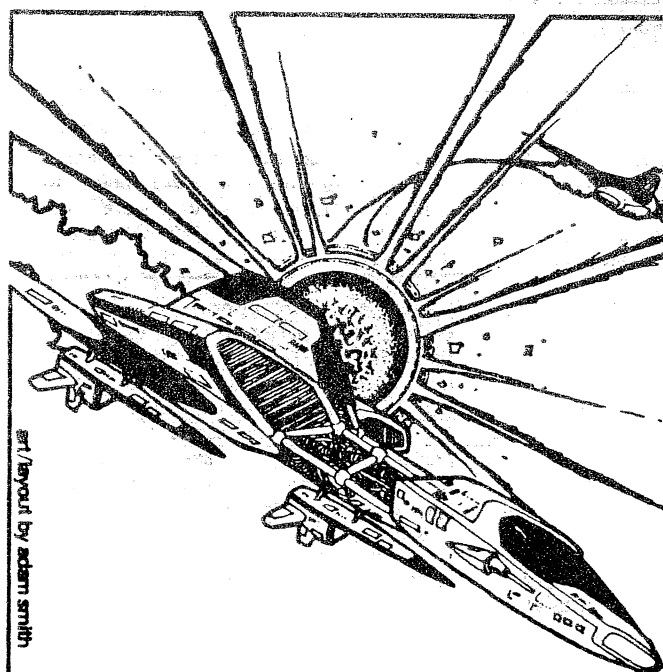
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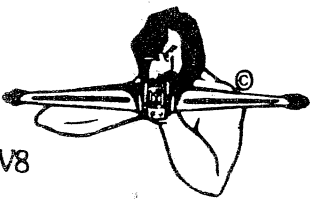
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# THE CHANGELING

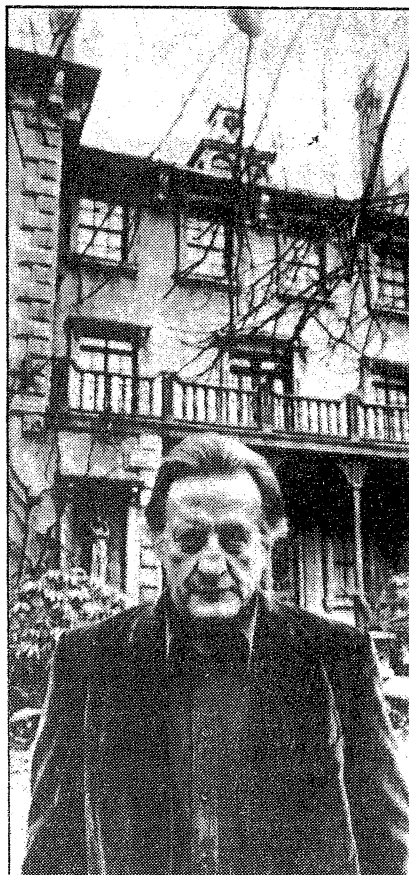
by Kevin Davies

I found 'The Changeling' to be not so much a film of terror as a detective story with supernatural overtones. Based on a true story, it opens with the arrival of grieving composer John Russell (George C. Scott) in Seattle with the intention of starting a new life after the recent accidental death of his wife and child in New York. Having accepted a lecturing position at a local university, he begins, with the assistance of Historical Society member Claire Norman (Trish Van Devere), to look for a permanent residence. His acceptance to lease an ancient Victorian mansion from the society initiates a chain of events which for the next few weeks dictate the course of John Russell's life.

The following morning he is awoken by a number of loud banging sounds originating from somewhere within the house which proceed to get louder. Upon opening his bedroom door the noise stops. Such occurrences continue until the observance of a drowning boy in an empty bathtub leads him to engage a seance within the house. During the seance not much is learned through the medium other than the disclosure that a boy named Joseph was murdered in the house at some point in the past. It is not till later, when a puzzled Russell plays back a tape of the event that he notes the faint whisper of a boy's voice replying to every question the medium asked, previously undetected.

The remainder of the film involves the digging up and disclosure of old records and information by Russell and Norman, with occasional assistance from apparition Joseph. It becomes a challenge for the audience to attempt to solve the puzzle involving the murdered child before the actors.

In the final scenes we learn that the boy was the grandson of a powerful millionaire and was destined to inherit his grandfather's empire upon his reaching manhood. Except for one problem -the boy was crippled. So, the father made arrangements with a Swedish hospital to admit his son for a cure, killed his son, and returned several years later with an adopted child seemingly cured. And since the boy was so young when he left, no questions were asked as far as child/adult resemblance went. The child went on to adopt the role of the



George C. Scott

millionaire's grandson and eventually became an American senator.

The film concludes with the destruction of the old house, and Joseph imposing his admittedly deserved revenge by means of a heart attack, upon his adopted stepbrother, the changeling.

The success of 'The Changeling' is now widely known, having been the recipient of eight Genie awards (Canada's cine award) earlier this year. Included among them were best picture, best foreign actor and actress (Scott and Van Devere), best adapted screenplay, best sound editing, best sound, best cinematography and best art direction.

## THE MONEY BEHIND THE MOVIES

There has been a noticeable increase in Canadian film activity of late, prompted by a great many factors. One of which is due to the aspirations of people such as Toronto based theatrical lawyer, publisher, and

stage and film producer Garth H. Drabinsky, 31, and, American actor/producer Joel B. Michaels, 41. Their new partnership, Tiberius Entertainment Limited, along with the sound backing of the K-Tel Corporation has enabled them to produce 'The Changeling'.

Garth Drabinsky has been actively involved in the Toronto cine scene for quite some time now, developing his talents through a varied number of achievements. He has completed two major features including the highly acclaimed 'Silent Partner' with Elliott Gould, worked on two film magazines, one of which was published through millionaire Nat Taylor, owner of the 18 cinema 'Cineplex' complex in Toronto. He has also written books on film financing and lectured at York University on entertainment law. But his most valued asset as far as I can see is that the K-Tel people are his cousins. "I get by with a little help from my friends..."

## CANADIAN INCENTIVE

The other major influence on the Canadian film industry has been due to the Capital Cost Allowance Plan (CCA), introduced in 1976 when Ottawa amended the "Income Tax Act" as an incentive for private investments in Canadian films. In return for their outlay of cash, individual investors in eligible productions would gain the opportunity for a tax deferment of their money invested during the year the picture was made.

During the ten years prior to 1978 most Canadian films were produced for under one million dollars and were usually financed through the government owned Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC). During that period it was estimated that the CFDC had invested \$23 million into Canadian films of which only \$5.5 million was returned.

The most successful box office performance ever seen from a Canadian picture was through "Lies My Father Told Me" which earned \$2.5 million.

"As a general rule," states Michael McCabe, Executive Director of CFDC, "you will have to take in \$5 at the box office for every \$1 you get back in your hands as a producer. To make a profit on a \$1 million Canadian film you have to sell it to export markets, and this means the film must



be comparable in quality with those made in the U.S. and elsewhere. To really be competitive internationally you have to make pictures in the \$2 to \$5 million range, and the capital available through public securities should make this possible."

In October 1978 the Ontario Securities Commission (OSC) permitted for the first time, public offering of securities in a Canadian motion picture.

A Toronto based production company, Chessman Park Productions Limited, began offering units of ownership in a Canadian film production at \$25,000 per unit. That film was the \$7.5 million feature 'The Changeling'.

Under the plan, for each unit purchased an investor would deposit a letter of credit for \$5,000 which would be drawn down by December 29, 1978. At this time he would also be required to provide an interest bearing note to cover the additional \$20,000 due December 31, 1982, and another letter of credit to secure this note.

For his \$25,000 an investor in the 60% tax bracket could expect to realize a net tax saving of about \$15,000 - \$13,500 in the 1978 taxation year, and an additional \$1,500 in 1979. Any profit realized through the film would be taxed in the usual way as income returned.

The eligibility of a film to fully participate under this plan is dictated by certain criteria. The producer must be a Canadian, as well as a majority of the key creative personnel including the director, highest and second highest paid actor or actress, art director, director of cinematography, music composer, and editor. In addition to this, the plan requires that 75% of all film laboratory costs be incurred in Canada. And finally, as a backbone to it all, 75% of all remaining costs excluding the producers and those of the key creative personnel, must be paid to Canadians.

Foreign productions in which Canadian investors hold a minimum of 30% are also eligible and need not meet the same Canadian content criteria. But, since a film of this sort is not certified until after all securities are sold, a Canadian investor takes the risk of owning a piece of film but losing out on the tax break if the full 30% investment quota is not achieved.

Once a film is certified eligible, to prevent misuse of the scheme, an investor is required to lay down a minimum of 20% of the film security value he is purchasing with the rest due within a maximum of four years. Different investment companies may offer slightly varied deals for each

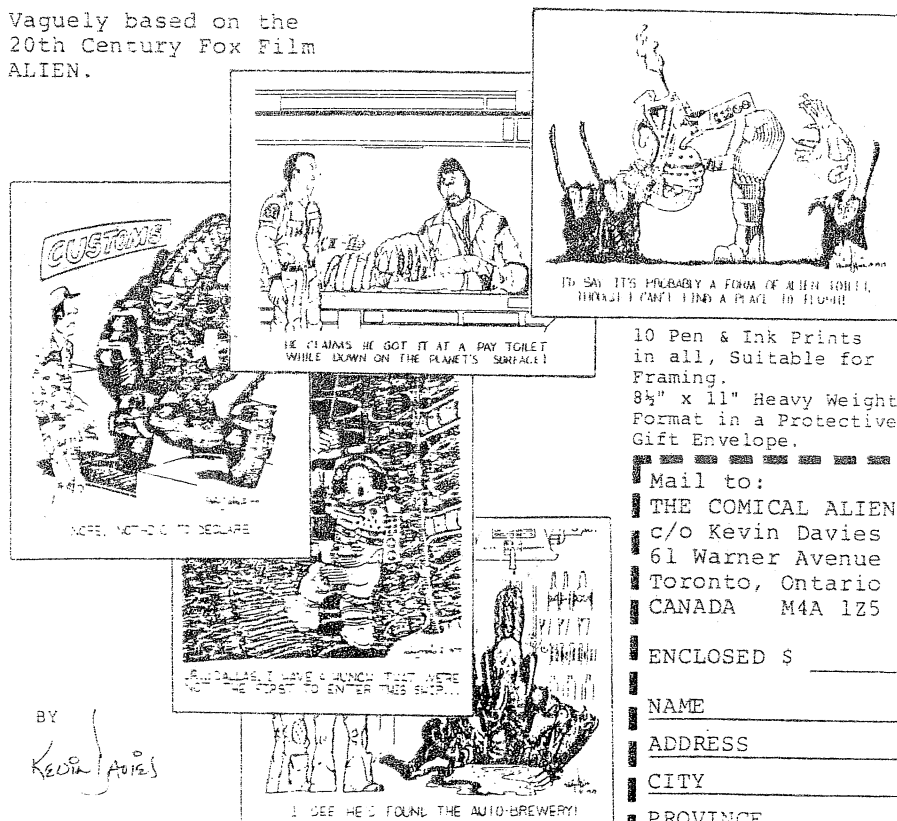
production, but all will follow within the required guidelines. An investor is required to risk all for a tax break.

To ensure that the investor obtains what he wants, the production company is required to publish a sample prospectus which will disclose to potential investors all the pertinent information about the film, including salaries, and cannot be amended without first informing the OSC of the changes.

#### A FINE PRODUCTION

Though 'The Changeling' did not convey "an experience beyond total fear", I did find it to be a slick, nicely packaged psychological thriller with very few faults. The cinematography, sound and acting were all performed as well as could be expected from any major production. It is a film which has assumed a class of its own, not only in technical excellence but in subject matter also. It rests at the midway point between an adventurous mystery and a psychological horror such as 'Hell House'. Though this element leads to a unique piece of film, it may also have appealed to a smaller audience than the typical horror film. In all, I rejoice that 'The Changeling' proved to be as fine a production as it is and I hope that it will inspire the Canadian film industry to create more films of its calibre and greater in the years to come. □

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AUTUMN 1980



# CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

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by Adam Smith

By now you have probably seen or heard about the re-release of the special edition of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind", and the fuss the media is making about actually being "inside". Not really wishing to rehash the contents of thousands of articles written about the special effects and the making of "Close Encounters", this article will deal primarily with the changes that were made this time around and examine what difference it makes to the film overall.

When "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" was first released over 100 million people around the world saw it and were amazed. The film won eight Academy awards and an Oscar for best cinematography ("Star Wars" won best special effects). Due to Spielberg's method of on-the-spot improvisations and a strict budget, only 135 of the original 160 pages of script were filmed. After the film's enormous financial success (more than \$125 million in film rentals) the producers, Columbia Pictures and Spielberg considered the following: would it be possible to enhance the climax of the film, add some special effects

previously cut out and re-edit the film? They decided they could and Spielberg went to work retrieving deleted portions of film and directing new footage. He states: "The new footage takes Richard Dreyfuss one step further but the mystery still exists in the Special Edition. I'm glad I was able to enhance the work to meet my original vision and I'm happy that a film company would agree to such an unorthodox plan".

## THE EXTRA TWENTY MINUTES

All very nice, but what did they really do to the film? If you listen to the ads on radio or read them in magazines and newspapers you will discover that, yes, the extra twenty-five pages have been filmed, there is twenty minutes of extra footage and you actually follow 'Roy Neary', or if you prefer, Richard Dreyfuss, into the mothership to view it from the inside. If you are like most people, you will conclude that the extra twenty-five pages and the extra twenty minutes deal with that which you have not seen (i.e. the interior of the ship). Wrong-o, foolish mortal. The actual footage

inside must only last six or seven minutes and the mistaken conclusions are the fault of Columbia Pictures' P.R. department. Another thing that isn't mentioned is that despite the extra twenty minutes of extra footage the movie is still approximately the same length due to "re-editing", which basically boils down to cutting out a number of scenes that appeared in the original release. Among some of the more memorable scenes that were cut out are: at the power station where, by luck, Dreyfuss gets sent out to do linesman repairs; the government press conference ("I saw Bigfoot once..."); and the fun-filled event when Dreyfuss begins gathering materials to build his own mountain in his living room. Although the diehard fans may rant and rave about this if they haven't yet seen the film, I feel that the changes that were made were all for the better; that being "inside" is merely "icing on the cake" and that the P.R. department at Columbia pictures has dealt the "Special Edition" a gross injustice.

When the film was first released I saw it three times (not including



Richard Dreyfuss gazes at a hovering U.F.O.



First glimpse of the alien visitors

those on a betamax) not because it was a particularly well made or an awe-inspiring film, but because parts of it were quite amusing and the special effects intrigued and fascinated me. Now upon viewing the Special Edition I can say it is a particularly well made and awe-inspiring film. The first time around, the movie had too many funny scenes to be taken seriously - the film had lost its credibility before it started. Now that some of the comical scenes have been taken out and more serious ones added, the film takes on a whole new angle. We follow "Lacombe" and his merry band of UFO investigators a bit more closely and see another one of their discoveries, adding more meaning to their finding the World War II planes that disappeared on a training mission thirty years earlier. We don't see a slap happy Roy Neary who had an encounter of the third kind simply because he happened to know an area of power lines and was sent out to repair them which was not his regular job. We see a Roy Neary who has a close encounter in his normal routine of business for the local power company. We see him tear himself and his family apart with fear, anguish

and his obsession with the strange beings that continue to run through his mind afterward. We see a man painfully and tragically losing his grip on the rational. This is what the Special Edition of Close Encounters of the Third Kind is. It has regained its credibility, it is now a film we can take seriously and harbour feelings of pity for Roy Neary.

#### BEING INSIDE

And now for the big hype - being "INSIDE". Although Columbia Pictures figures this to be the highlight of the show (when it really isn't) it is still worth mentioning. Steven Spielberg got Doug Trumbull back to do the special visual effects. Trumbull worked on the original release and was grabbed back to work on the Special Edition after he was finished working on Star Trek: The Motion Picture. Almost every preconceived notion of how a spaceship of any nature should look on the inside is blown away as Dreyfuss is lead into the mothership. It starts off uneventfully enough. Dreyfuss is led into a round chamber that looks suspiciously similar to the interior of the spaceship on the cover of E.L.O.'s

"Out of the Blue" album, but then the scene that unfolds before him is really awe-inspiring. Not wishing to totally ruin the surprise, I'll leave it at that. The mothership lifts off and away it goes into the wild blue yonder with its special passenger once again. In the end this time one really feels for Roy Neary although one still isn't sure of what they feel as the ship leaves. Is it joy? anticipation? fear? Only time will tell, when this movie ceases to be fiction and becomes reality. We have only to wait.

Then there are the little things that help build up the credibility and awe: discovering that Lacombe and his investigators work not just for the U.S. government but for the United Nations. Thus, gaining an idea of the size of the unidentified craft that hovered over Roy Neary's truck, we watch its immense shadow pass over the vehicle and surrounding landscape from an aerial view, etc. No, being "inside" is only a gimmick to attract people to see the film again. The real magic is in the re-editing of the film to change its tone from one of casual humour to one of realism, fear and seriousness. And doing it successfully. □



Steven Spielberg established a sound studio in Mobile, Alabama converted from a WWII dirigible hangar





# JUST BEING A DROOG

## EDITORIAL

Imagine. Imagine just for one moment the possibility of even considering the task, nay, the burden, of assembling, from scratch yet, an entire publication with a set distribution date less than one week away. Imagine the agony of gazing through bloodshot eyes at yet another sunrise as the stale fumes of rubber cement permeate your nostrils, pushing your stomach ever further toward the complete self denial of its contents. Then imagine, arriving at your printers only to be lectured on the numerous complications involved in producing your work, leading to the ultimate conclusion, "It can't be done!!!"

Imagine the fear, nay the stark terror, involved in running door to door, entire copy in hand in the attempt to avoid the seemingly ever apparent phone call.

"Hello."

"Hello Adam, it's Kevin. I've got some good news and some bad news. First the good news. We won't be spending all morning folding and collating tomorrow."

"Hey, that's great!"

"Now the bad news. The reason for that is we won't have anything to fold and collate."

At this point all that can be heard from the other end of the line is a small whimper and a loud thud.

But finally, success was achieved. Lunie number one found a printer, completed the cover, survived two nervous breakdowns, and still managed to talk the printer into running the job in one day. Lunie number two knew none of this.

Imagine his surprise, and later horror, when arriving at the originally designated printer, to be informed that lunie number one had come and gone.

"WHERE?!!!" he cries.

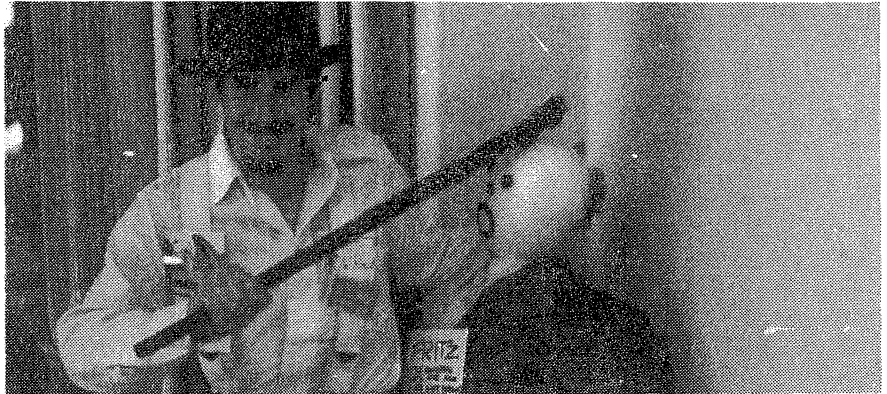
"He left."

"Where???" he whimpers.

"Somewhere down the street."

"where..." he whispers.

The proprietor of the respective



Neil William's and his pal Fritz

printing shoppe by this time, noticing the towering 6'3" lunie number two turning to jello before his eyes, and forming the opinion that prolonged exposure to this poor soul would be discouraging to customers and ultimately bad for business, finally decides to spill his guts and clue him in.

Imagine the average person on the street, about tea time, munching on an ice cream or an apricot, seeing a massive flash of red hair, preceded only by two bloodshot and desperate eyes, pass them by, only to continue ducking into instant printshops everywhere crying:

"WHERE!!!!"

But one may at last conclude while reading a copy of **MIRIAD 1** that lunie number two eventually found lunie number one, and the magazine was finally assembled and released on time. Imagine the gratitude and the vows never to do it again. Oh well.

\* \* \*

Let's talk about box tops. Where are they? Last issue we provided our readers with the exquisite opportunity to participate. We are of course making a direct reference to the numerous contests in our first issue which required a minimal amount of effort by you - the reader - to enter.

Not wishing to break the time honoured traditions involved when one enters a contest we assumed that by requesting box tops, we would receive

box tops. Silly us. We had no idea that there were so many apathetics in the world. Not only were no box tops received, but neither did any witty nor clever captions make it to our door. What happened? Where did we go wrong? Who have we insulted? How can we make it up? Who cares. Someday we'll give you all another chance, but not this issue. And next time we're raising the ante to four box tops. So there, that'll teach you. And don't let it happen again.

\* \* \*

The question has been raised through a number of obviously isolated sources as to exactly what a Droog may be. EGAD. What can we say? Just send in five, no six, box tops - nah, skip it. Just testing?

**Droog** (droog) Nadsat 1.  
adj. 1) A friend.

prop. noun 2) Title associated with the characters in Anthony Burgess' novel and later Stanley Kubrick's film "A Clockwork Orange".

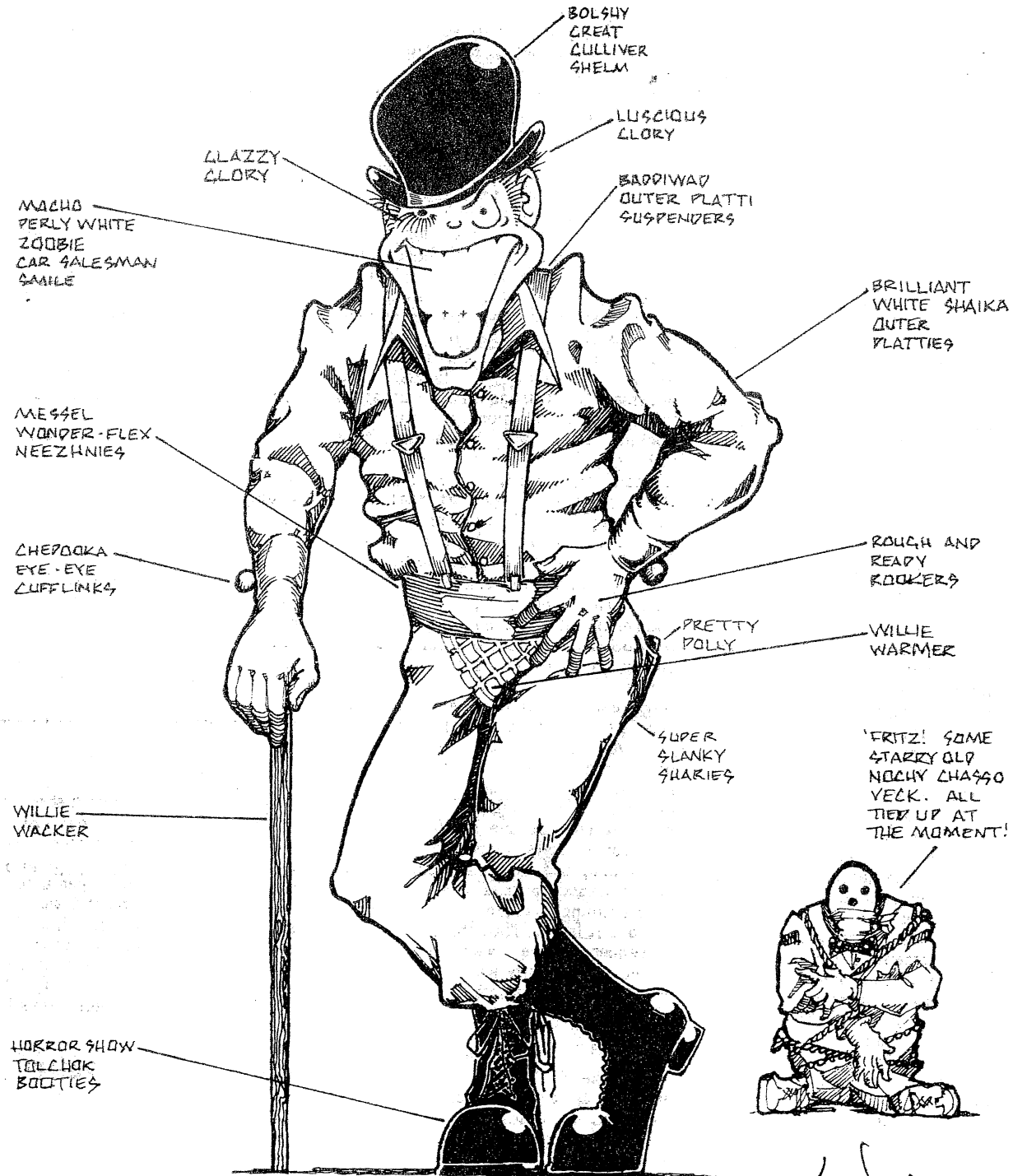
3) The roles assumed by four Toronto fans - Kevin Davies, Bill Marks, Adam Smith and Neil Williams - while gallivanting about real horror show at the SF conventions they attend.  
(Excerpt from the New World Droog Dictionary, Complete & Unabridged.)

Now to further your newly gained insight on Droogism, we have kindly set aside an entire page, just for you. So now Geoff, never again need the question be raised...



NOW THE QUESTION NEED NEVER BE RAISED AGAIN...

# "WHAT THE HECK'S A DROOG?"



Kevin Jones © 1980

# AD ASTRA CONVENTIONS

KEVIN DAVIES

On June 13, 14, 15, a lot of people attended a Toronto SF convention which bore the name Ad Astra: To The Stars. As it was originally conceived and as I had personally perceived it upon its creation, it was to have been something great. An event which would allow all the convention interested fans in the city to participate at their own rate toward a common goal of fulfilling the needs and interests of all those attending in a setting in which they could fully enjoy themselves. Ad Astra accomplished some of this, but certainly not all.

The convention in my eyes missed its potential, and even expected mark of greatness, to adopt a place in history of being: a media oriented convention, with a better than average attendance, with some organizational problems, that made money. This achievement many will point out is very good, and I will not disagree with them. It's just that I, being what I am, expected more.

## A UNIFIED CON

I first became acquainted with the concept behind a unified convention during a conversation with a few other fans at Gvstacon 1979, in May of last year. The idea was brought up, although I'm sure that many had thought upon it for some time, and the decision was made to wait until after the other two conventions that summer, Beta Draconis and Ozymandias II, concluded before getting fully under way.

Since Gvstacon was the first con I had actually experienced (apart from a short stay at Nasfacon's I & II, a day at Summercon and later Ozymandias I), I had no other operation with which to draw from as far as ideas were concerned, or the handling of such an event. After attending Beta Draconis and assisting with the running of Ozzy' II, I had gained a little clearer picture of just who attends these conventions. It seemed that Fans were a varied breed, some, as Mr. Glicksohn kindly explained, attended a convention to meet old friends, relax in a bar, or play a quiet game of poker; others as I observed enjoyed attending programming, meeting guests, a banquet, costume ball, film contest, and so forth. The task at hand seemed to be - how do you produce a convention which would satisfy all,

without going totally insane?

At that time, the answer seemed to pose no problem for me. The con would simply be run as efficiently as Gvstacon had been, with the added security ideas proposed to me by Jeanette Waldie. Then I talked to Mike Wallis.

Mike told me that although I had the energy, I had neither the experience, nor the familiarity that he had with the other people who would make up the committee to win their devoted services. It was due to my lack of familiarity with these other people that I accepted my said lack of experience in the running of conventions and conceded to decline from opting for the post of Con Chairman. I had trusted Mike's decision because I lacked the necessary confidence in my situation to make a decision of my own. Looking back now I confess that although I understand why Mike directed my interests away from the Chair position, I was, at that time fully capable of drawing on my resources and running a convention such as Ad Astra was going to be.

But what kind of convention was that? Here you had five prospective chairmen, all experienced in one way or another with the operation of an SF convention: myself, Mike Wallis, Bill Marks, Chris Meredith and Gregg Hagglund - each holding a different conception of the eventual product.

As it turned out, Gregg nominated himself as Chairman and assigned our subsequent roles. All agreed, and the convention was under way, except for one small problem - the convention's direction was still undecided, and would remain so until circumstances such as what guests and programming could be obtained decided it later. Thus the convention's subsequent fate was prematurely sealed. The events which followed are not as seemingly irrational now as they were then.

## PROBLEMS

Mike Wallis and Chris Meredith were the first to disengage themselves from con activities stating it was not shaping up the way they hoped it would. I wondered what that was, comparing our programming with that of Beta, Ozzy' and Gvstacon. We had the guests, the contests, a costume show, and even a con suite. What

could be wrong? I heard Mike mention something about Midwest Fandom as he left.

A few months later, I was disturbed. It seemed that very little besides the accumulation of a few guests and the distribution of a few flyers had passed. I was getting fidgety. So, I began doing what I seem to enjoy doing best - organizing things. I designed the programming, a press kit, some more posters, the dealer room layout, the film contest, the prizes, and as many other things as I could think of in an attempt to make myself feel like I was accomplishing something while working on this committee. You see, I need that. (It's a bad habit and I'm really trying to quit, honest.) As it turned out though, my suggestions were either disregarded, or else ridiculed harshly and often illogically. The committee in my eyes seemed to be content to attend a meeting and use the time not to discuss strategy, but instead as a weekly social gathering with the occasional con report from the Chair. I can now see that this was the case not because they didn't want to work on the con, but because they had worked together before and knew exactly how their efforts would work out. Further discussion or change to them seemed unnecessary. I in turn, was the odd man out. Having worked with none of these people before, and knowing not of their ways, I expected to work, and during our meetings discuss the efforts of the previous week and plan for the next. We did very little of this, or so it seemed, and so I felt it was of no great loss to the committee when I informed them in March that due to my employment situation I could no longer attend any meetings. At this point I was terribly unhappy with the con for it now seemed that it was destined not to turn out the great success which I had originally envisioned. I had lost my incentive, and the problem was I knew not why.

Then on April 24th I received a phone call. Gregg wanted posters similar to those which we had for Gvstacon. I informed him I would call back with a price quote and an advertiser to cover the cost later that day. I was rolling again, enjoying myself. The deal I later presented to Gregg entailed a \$300 ad for the program book, to cover a printing cost

of only \$200 for 1000 18x24 posters. I was proud. All I received from Gregg as a "Fine, I'll call you back". He didn't call.

### MORE PROBLEMS

A few days later I received a call from the printer asking when the job was coming in. I didn't know. Upon calling Gregg I was informed that he was trying to seal some deal with Twentieth Century Fox for more money still, which I thought was fine if he'd hurry up about it. I even offered to take the name of the person he was talking to and seal it myself, but he declined from giving to me.

Then I caught a rumour that Kelly Freas was going to produce the poster art. I was annoyed. I had originally consented to doing the poster with the intention of boosting my art skills, and now to have a situation where neither my art was to be used nor as it seemed was I to be fully informed until I was completely burned out, understandably, I hope, angered me. I decided then and there that I was not enjoying my association with this convention and it was time to get out. If someone else was to do the art work, they could produce the logo and the ad copy as well.

Then the printer calls again. After a talk with Gregg almost two weeks from our first, he had finally concluded that he couldn't make a deal with Fox, and that the posters weren't really necessary. He left it to me to tell the printer.

I had originally been assigned the post of Operations for the con, but since I could see that my efforts were not to be used for what I had thought the job entailed, I did not protest when my employer told me I had to work the weekend of the con.

It was about this time that it seemed others were becoming a little peeved at their numerous 'assigned' duties for the con. Namely Danny Lozinski, to whom I spoke regularly. I informed him of my work circumstance and he kindly accepted my post with the con, whatever it may have entailed. Dan, although he had done an exceedingly large amount of footwork and P.R. for the con, was facing many of the same idea conflict problems which I had experienced earlier. I informed him that although I had consented to lay out the program book I would not go out of my way in doing it. And I didn't, for the most part.

By the time June 13 rolled around I was engaged with numerous other activities, namely the publication of a certain fan magazine, with the intention to initiate sales at Ad Astra. I was kindly informed by my boss just a week before that I had been given the weekend off, but due to the folding and collating of *Miriad* I

didn't reach the convention until late Saturday. I spent most of my time at my dealer's table, attending parties, at the art auction and costume show. I as well as others who had attended this 'unified' con had enjoyed myself to some respect. But I found nothing about the convention which I would consider to be special. In fact, it had many faults - the program book was printed not as originally conceived, the programming had to be rearranged, the room arrangements and costume show all had their individual little problems which overall add up to an impression which probably took away from the con.

### WORKING IT OUT

Who is to blame, I wondered, looking back upon the events which lead up to the con and those involved. It was certainly not the guests, nor those who attended and truly, not even the committee.

I looked back to that first day, when we all congregated together with high hopes and good intentions. Circumstances were to blame. Ad Astra was a convention with a relaxed atmosphere, sure, but within that atmosphere there were definite interests and goals which would appeal to certain types of people. Essentially it was a Mediacon, and like it or not that is what it will remain. This is due to the eventual direction assumed by the committee to tailor to the interests of those influenced by the media. There is nothing wrong with that. It should just be made apparent to all involved. As a Mediacon it has great potential - new films could be premiered, special guest speakers of film and literature (I'm including popular reading as an aspect of media), special events and more, all within a workable frame and a relaxed setting. It would be run slickly and professionally, tailoring to the interests of a wide audience. Impossible you say? It is almost within our reach now.

I have changed since Gvstacon. I am still changing. I have become one who is more relaxed and have gained the necessary insight and the ability to channel my efforts down a path which

I would like to take. My interests and friendships are quite varied though. I would still be willing to work on a Mediacon as much as a Relaxacon, time allowing. I have decided that some of my other interests such as publishing and artwork must take priority though. I will be assisting with Torque II as far as the art show is concerned, and I will be working with Bill Marks on a relaxacon entitled KingCon on October 31-November 2, but that is all I have planned for now. For the most part I'll be trying to meet new people by attending a few cons throughout the States.

### AD ASTRA

Ad Astra succeeded in entertaining people, not in uniting Toronto Fandom. I now know that it is an impossible thing to do, for the interests are far too varied. The most successful attempt at doing this in Toronto to date has been achieved by Marg Baskin, to whom I owe much. Her monthly fan parties, dubbed Baskons, have now spread to several other fan apartments in the same building, and have attracted a multitude of new faces. I was one of them, and I thank her wholeheartedly for putting up with us. It works because people with different interests are allowed to socialize as they please - the poker players play poker, the videophiles watch TV, the Filkers sing - uninhibited by the others yet welcome in the other's field of interest at any time.

This I believe could not be sensibly achieved at an SF Convention without membership either being very small, or on an invitation basis, tending to prove financially unfeasible for most cons, and not very attractive as far as paying memberships go.

My closing message is therefore humble but pronounced - we should learn to accept the interests of those around us, decide what we want, where we want to go, then follow our dreams Ad Astra, to the stars.

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UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHIC'S GUIDE TO INDIGENOUS TERRAN WILDLIFE:  
#28: SCIENCE FICTION FANS  
by Bill Marks

With this instalment we begin our identification of non sentient Terran life forms, as we concluded our section on intelligent life forms last instalment with the Red Nosed Bullfrog.

Of all the primates, the Science Fiction Fan appears to have the most promise of developing some form of rudimentary intelligence. A careful eugenics program eliminating certain undesirable characteristics (see Trekkie and Fughead) should ensure this.

a) **NEO FANS**

The classic definition of a Neo Fan is that if you don't know what one is, you are one. This definition is meant to describe the raw, unmolded, 'new' fan. It does not, however, describe a subgroup of the Neofan, this being the perpetual Neofan. A PNF is an interesting creature who, no matter how much Fanac<sup>1</sup> he participates in, will always remain a neo due to his overabundance of underabundance. (see also: Fughead)

b) **MIDWESTERN FAN**

Seldom seen by anyone except other midwestern fans, these fans are a peculiar breed. The life of the midwestern fan appears to be governed by strange religious rituals. The careful observer can see the Midwestern Fan at certain points in these rituals when it emerges from its room, mills around the convention until it sights either a deck of cards, an alcoholic beverage, or another midwestern fan (usually opposite in gender), and then disappears back into its room again with one or more of the above. The only successful attempts to capture midwestern fans for study have resulted from baiting obvious traps with offers of Bheer and Pokher (both of these are major objects of midwestern religious worship). (see also: Hedonism)

c) **WESTERN**

Several good eggs mixed in with lots of ham, and whatever else happens to be lying around. (Not to be confused with the cult of LASFS).

d) **FUGHEAD**

Most often seen at large media-oriented sci-fi conventions. Believed to be extinct, however, since the mysterious explosion at the recent Battlestar Galaxitive convention. (see also: Trekkie, and Space 1999 Fan)

e) **AUSTRALIAN FAN**

See Section #36: MARSUPIALS.

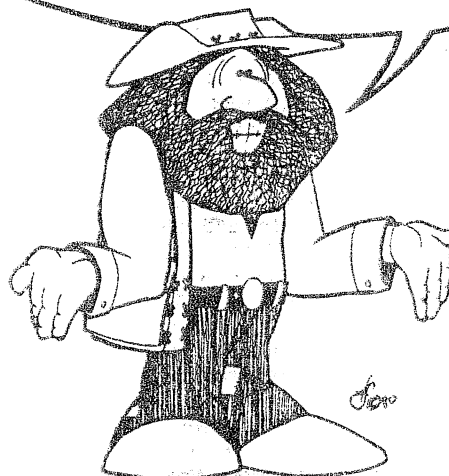
h) **FRINGE FAN**

Generally a nice normal person who has been duped into attending a science fiction convention by a so-called friend of his.

i) **TREKKIE**

Similar to the Fughead with the exception of its mutilated auditory appendages.

HEY, I COULD HAVE BEEN A BIG FAT DUMB SOBER UNDER-WEAR-WEARING MIDWEST YANKEE POKER-PLAYER AND FANZINE EDITOR (AND NOT VERY GOOD AT EITHER) BUT LIKE, WOW MAN, WHO NEEDS IT?



f) **CANADIAN FAN**

It should be noted that the Canadian Fan is a MYTHICAL creature, rumoured to be short, covered with hair, and possessing unheard of sexual prowess. Although there is much literature devoted to the Canadian Fan, no living specimen has ever been found. There is some controversy as to whether or not a specimen found recently, preserved in a strange mixture of grain alcohol (see: Spayed Gerbil) is in fact an example of the Canadian Fan. This guide however does not recognize this claim as legitimate. (see also: SASQUATCH, LEPRECHAUN)

g) **BRITISH FAN**

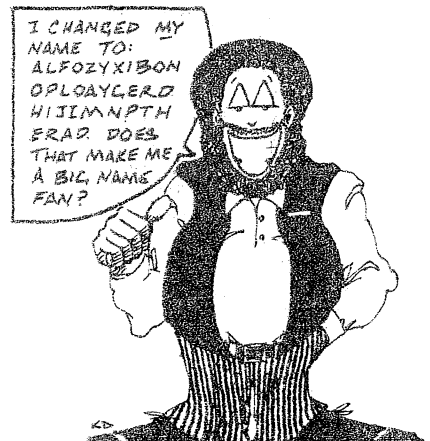
See Section #16: MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN.

j) **FANZINE FAN**

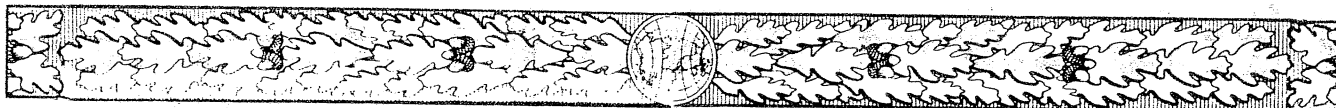
No Fanzine Fan has ever actually been seen. The only evidence of their existence is the vast amount of printed matter they produce every year. When our researchers attempted to trace the return addresses on several so-called Fanzines we procured, all that was found were vacant lots littered with empty tubes of ink, and spoiled stencils. It is our opinion that these Fanzine Fans are in fact extraterrestrials, and thus not pertinent to this guide.

k) **BIG NAME FAN**

Contrary to popular belief, this is not a fan with more than twenty-six letters in his name. This term refers to a fan who is both well known, and well liked, and has achieved some distinction in the fannish community. (Not to be confused with S.M.O.F.'s<sup>2</sup>)

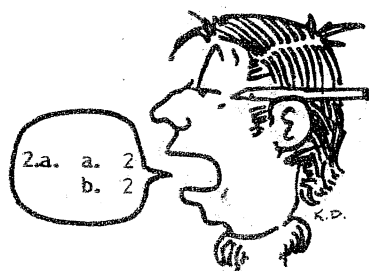
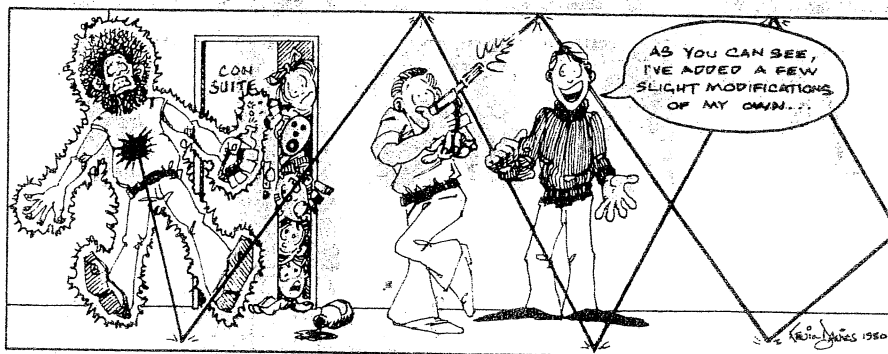






# 1) TECHIE

Techies are the only members of the fan community to communicate by a method other than a national language. Tremendous amounts of work have been devoted to translating the Techie language, however all attempts have resulted in producing numerical values only. It is suspected that the techies are in fact merely mimicing their computers, and are actually not even semi-intelligent. (see also: Minah Bird, Parrot)



# m) ZAP GUN FREAK

The Zap Gun Freak is easily recognized by the arsenal of playthings it always carries on its person. These articles play an integral part in the Zap Gun Freak's attempts to fulfil its overwhelming death wish. Upon sighting a likely victim, the ZG Freak will accost the victim with what usually appears to be some sort of anti-tank weaponry. The device will then emit a blinding light, annoying noises, or both, in an attempt to antagonize the victim. (the lights and noises also seem to give the ZG Freak a near sexual sort of pleasure). The ZG Freak will continue to annoy the victim until its wish is fulfilled, and victim puts an end to the ZG Freak's miserable life.

This concludes our instalment on Science Fiction Fans. Next instalment we will swing to the opposite end of the spectrum when we examine the Terran animals with the least hope of developing any form of intelligence: Politicians & Churchmen. Be sure not to miss the next issue's special feature on Terrans: Sex Without Pseudopods.

1 Fan activity

2 Secret Master Of Fandom

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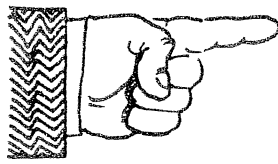
WHAT'S WHAT:

Mechanical Tiger	\$300
" " Eagle	\$300 2/\$5
" " Monitor lizards	\$200 (unnumbered)

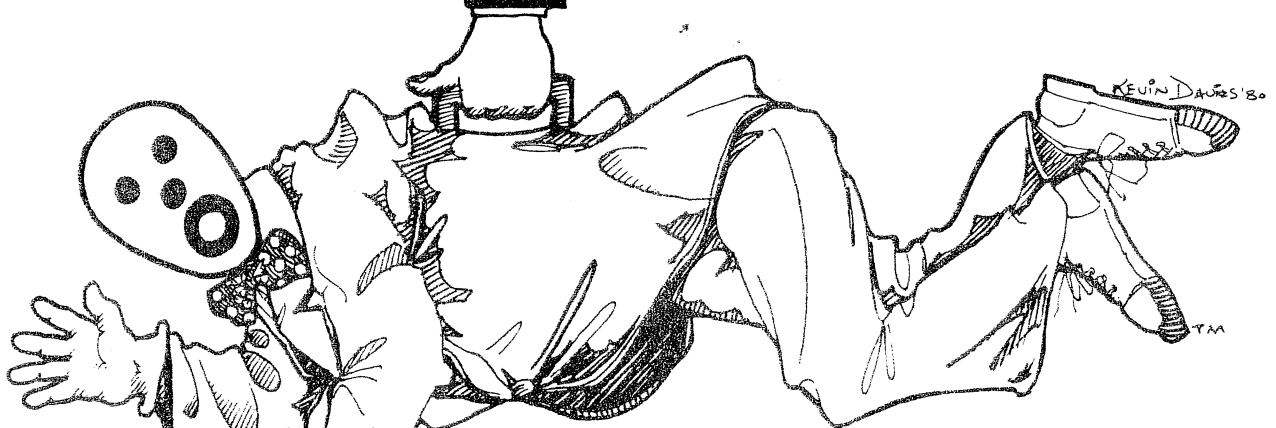
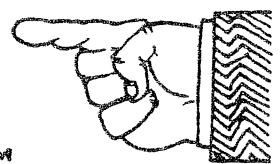
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doo-doo cleanup.
- Each Fritz comes complete with  
one set of clothes including a  
bow tie and one army surplus  
cap.

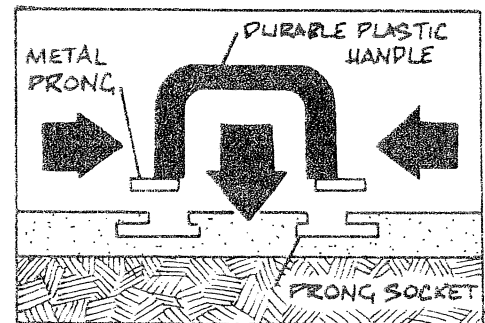
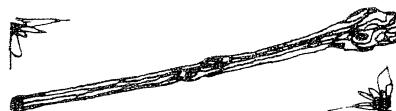
**AYATOLLAH KHOMENIE**  
"SKIP THE HOSTAGES, I'LL TAKE A  
'FRITZ'."

**JIMMY CARTER**  
"IT'S ALL HIS FAULT."

**STAN LEE**  
"HE'LL MAKE A GREAT SUPER-  
VICTIM."

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care of this publication and you too  
will be able to ask that profound  
question, "What's it gonna be then eh!"

When you take an old house scheduled for demolition, a bunch of students eager to play the ghoul, a full moon and a dark night, what do you get?

# HAUNTED HOUSE

by Adam Smith

Do you enjoy being frightened? I mean, really frightened, in a fun sort of way? Then this is the place for you. It is the House of Horrors at 3900 Steeles Avenue East in Scarborough, Ontario where local businessman Bob Gibbs and some students have created one of the best haunted houses I've seen in a long time. Picture this: a boarded up 85 year old derelict farmhouse with thirteen rooms of terror as the sign advertises. And the sign doesn't lie. Not only does the house look, feel, smell, and sound like a haunted house but with the addition of members of Bob Gibbs' family and eight hired students the house truly becomes haunted. Tension builds up before you even enter the building. While waiting to get in you can either listen to the screams and yells of visitors that are inside on the audio monitor or you can watch the people come running and screaming out of the rear door. A lineup and a small wait are necessary to regulate the flow of victims into the house as the horrific effects become more effective when you are nearly alone. But what makes it even creepier is the unexorable feeling that you are never alone.

The thirteen rooms are planned out room by room to give an ever increasing scare with each one you go through. The rooms are dark and almost impossible to see, except for the light in the next room which always seems to stay at least one room ahead of you. To be perfectly safe you can't always trust that light either, for it can lead you into a room where the one door into it quickly shuts and locks behind you. At this point you are at the mercy of other wary victims upon whom you must depend to let you out. And seriously now, if you were creeping through a haunted house and you heard something pounding on the other side of a door wanting out, wouldn't you be reluctant to assist it? And the pounding isn't always another victim! A good rule of thumb is - trust nothing. Especially the basement, which provides the worst scare of all. In fact, their flyers give as their only warning, "Don't go down in the cellar!"



## THE 'ORABLE OPERATOR

Bob Gibbs has been running haunted houses of this nature for eighteen years and has operated this house for the two previous Halloweens to raise money for charity. Although enormous profit and success stare him in the face, Gibbs prefers it if his operation remains relatively small and maintains control of it. He has found advertising totally unnecessary as knowledge of the house gets passed around very quickly by word of mouth. Also, when various portions of the public media hear of the haunted house, they eventually come to Bob.

Not only do the screams and nervous laughter attest to the success with which Gibbs runs the house but also you find people coming back again and again. It is hard not to participate once one is inside the house. People return repeatedly and learn to recognize all the pitfalls set for the unwary passerby and add to the effect when a poor victim wanders in. Gibbs says, "It's developed into a cult experience for some", which is easily verified when one questions some of the people lining up to get in. One group of young guys were about to embark on their twelfth trip through the haunted house. Clearly, at least with the locals, this haunted abode has become a cult-like event with its faithful followers constantly returning. After going through the house myself (and being extremely tense and nervous about the entire affair) I started nurturing ideas on what I could do to enhance the experience for others and having some

great fun at the same time. Talking to Bob Gibbs you find he's a very easygoing and friendly, easy-to-talk-to type guy and is willing to let you try things with his house. One group of partygoers brought a friend so drunk he was barely semi-conscious; told him he was going into a haunted house and pushed him though the front door. The poor guy staggered into the room, lifted his sunglasses, peered around, and passed out in a dead faint! The haunted house, or the House of Horrors, as Bob calls it, is truly a participation event that no one can avoid once they're inside.

## FUTURE FEARS

Although Bob Gibbs would like to avoid loss of control of expansion, he is a businessman and no fool. At present he is authorizing and helping to organize a similar house in San Francisco that will be opening September 1. Also here in Toronto he wants to open another haunted house in the west end of the city and is looking at two locations at present. One of these two has fifteen rooms located in three floors plus an attic. The location in the west end he hopes to open next summer. A little earlier in the planning is a location Gibbs is looking at downtown in which he would have a large gathering room for waiting that he could run through the winter.

The House of Horrors located on Steeles Avenue at Warden is an event you won't want to miss. But hurry because this is the last season this house will be in operation. The house itself is scheduled to be eventually demolished so this will be your last chance in the east end of the city. The house is open daily from dusk to 11:00 pm and will remain open until, what else, Halloween Night. For more information you can phone (416) 495-5825 during their operating hours. The place really can give you quite a scare so people with heart conditions or that are simply "too frightened" are advised to exercise some caution and should just stay outside and listen to the others go through the "thirteen rooms" Gibbs warns. BUT DON'T GO DOWN INTO THE CELLAR!!!

# PSYCHOGRAPH

## ANALYSIS

It is said that the difference between man and the lower animals is in his ability to entertain concepts of the future. In fact, mankind appears to be obsessed with that which could be, far more than that which is. It is known that great leaders throughout history have often dwelt upon the future with predictions of what was to come often affecting the decisions made in their daily lives.

From the constant exposure to vast inputs of conceptual possibilities ascended a new breed of homo sapiens: the science fiction fan. Recent surveys have determined that the characteristics embodying the science fiction fan can be detected in all walks of human life.

This psychograph is designed to determine if you possess the characteristics of a science fiction fan, or in other words, How Fannish Are You?

Here are a series of questions. Read each carefully and then choose the answer which best represents your opinion on the topic. Choose only one answer.

1. Do you read S.F.?

- ☒ a. Yes
- ☐ b. No
- ☐ c. I'll never tell.
- ☐ d. Huh?
- ☐ e. I can't read.

2.a. Have you ever been to a convention?

- ☒ a. Yes
- ☐ b. No

2.b. If yes, which kind?

- ☐ a. Baptist
- ☐ b. Shriners
- ☒ c. SF
- ☐ d. Daughters of the American Rev
- ☐ e. Sacred Sisterhood of Kama Sutra
- ☐ f. K.K.K.

3.a. Do you attend SF conventions?

- ☒ a. Yes
- ☐ b. No

3.b. If yes, do you go for:

- ☐ a. Programming
- ☐ b. Meet with SF fans and discuss SF
- ☐ c. Meet Guest of Honour
- ☒ d. Parties
- ☐ e. Group sex

4. What does GOH mean to you?

- ☐ a. Go on home
- ☐ b. Get outta' here

- ☒ c. Good only horizontal
- ☐ d. Gorean Order of Housewives

5. Have you ever SMOFed?

- ☐ a. I tried it once but it didn't do anything for me.
- ☐ b. I never use narcotics.
- ☒ c. Regularly.
- ☐ d. I'm trying to cut down.

6. Do you consume alcohol?

- ☐ a. Never
- ☐ b. Occasionally
- ☐ c. Often
- ☐ d. Constantly
- ☒ e. Intravenously

7. Should you draw to an inside straight?

- ☐ a. Never
- ☐ b. Occasionally
- ☒ c. Often
- ☐ d. Constantly
- ☐ e. Only when playing R<sup>2</sup>

8.a. Do you have a beard?

- ☒ a. Yes
- ☐ b. No

8.b. If yes, where?

- ☒ a. Chin
- ☐ b. Above shoulders
- ☐ c. Torso
- ☐ d. Above soles of feet

9. Do you sing?

- ☐ a. Professionally
- ☐ b. Amateur
- ☐ c. Badly
- ☐ d. Only at Filksings
- ☒ e. In the rain

10. Cor-Flu is?

- ☐ a. An early version of spayed gerbil
- ☐ b. An ancient Aztec Ghod.
- ☐ c. A Swiss cuss word
- ☒ d. Indispensable

11. Do you wear a dress?

- ☒ a. Yes, but I call it a kilt.
- ☐ b. I have several in my wardrobe.
- ☐ c. Only at art auctions.
- ☐ d. Whenever I can.

12. Do you like cats?

- ☒ a. Yes
- ☐ b. No
- ☐ c. Barbecued
- ☐ d. Winged

13.a. Do you have a job?

- ☒ a. Yes
- ☐ b. No

13.b. If yes, why?

- ☐ a. To support my 2.5 children, house, car, dog and budgie.
- ☒ b. To pay for my SF activities.
- ☐ c. Drugs and concert tickets.
- ☐ d. Beer and ballgames.

14. How long have you had your job?

- ☐ a. What job, I thought I already answered that.
- ☒ b. 2 minutes.
- ☐ c. I just got fired for reading this.
- ☐ d. 30 years to life.

15. Do you drive?

- ☐ a. In accordance with all laws and regulations.
- ☐ b. Quickly.
- ☐ c. Defensively.
- ☐ d. Offensively.
- ☒ e. Maniacally.

16. Back in high school were you?

- ☐ a. Captain of the football team / head cheerleader
- ☒ b. Too stoned to notice
- ☐ c. Never there
- ☐ d. Beaten up
- ☐ e. An intellectual non activist

17. If you were drafted would you:

- ☐ a. Hide under the porch
- ☐ b. Move to Canada
- ☒ c. I'm already Canadian, yawn
- ☐ d. Go to Australia
- ☐ e. Fight for my country

18. Have you ever had a desire to move to Australia?

- ☒ a. Yes, I fight it constantly.
- ☐ b. Just for the skiing.
- ☐ c. Ever since I was drafted.
- ☐ d. Isn't that a suburb of Hamilton.

19. Would you like to be a superhero?

- ☐ a. I already am.
- ☒ b. Is that covered under W.C.B. or O.H.I.P.?
- ☐ c. Yes.
- ☐ d. No.

20. What would you call yourself?

- ☒ a. Pulsar pounder
- ☐ b. Swollen member
- ☐ c. Jovian gigolo
- ☐ d. Superman/superwoman
- ☐ e. Wonder prick

21. If you were offered three wishes, would you wish for?

- ☐ a. Wine, women and song
- ☐ b. Money, drugs and rock & roll
- ☐ c. Sex, poker and bheer
- ☒ d. 3 more



e. A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thee

## 22. Do you believe in God?

- a. Yes, that's me.
- b. No, but I believe in Ghod.
- c. Only on Sundays.
- d. If there's a God, there must be a heaven, and if there's a heaven, there must be a hell, and since I know where I'm heading I sure as hell hope there's no God.

## 23. If you received a heavy brick shaped package in the mail, would you:

- a. Put it in your fish bowl and call the bomb squad.
- b. Open it and face the consequences.
- c. Send it to Tucker.

## ANSWERS

- 1. a. 3  
b. 1  
c. 4  
d. 5  
e. O LIAR
- 2a. a. 2  
b. 2
- 2b. a. 1  
b. 0  
c. 3  
d. 4  
e. 5, our address is on page 3  
f. 4, d & f are synonymous
- 3a. a. 5  
b. 1, quit now while you're behind
- 3b. a. 1, NEO  
b. 0, TACKY  
c. 2, SMOF  
d. 4, Close  
e. 5, again, our address is on page 3
- 4. a. 1, try it  
b. 3  
c. 4, once again, our address is on page 3  
d. 5, see answer b
- 5. a. 5, we appreciate honesty  
b. 4  
c. 1  
d. 3, addict
- 6. a. 0, you should have quit back at #3  
b. 2, practise makes perfect  
c. 4  
d. 5, alcohol extends your life: it pickles you  
e. 3, not our vein of interest
- 7. a. 4  
b. 3, may the fours be with you  
c. 2  
d. 1, no brains but you still got guts  
e. 5, experienced gambler
- 8a. a. 1  
b. 5
- 8b. a. 5, uniformist  
b. 4, so do I  
c. 3

d. 0, you're probably short too

- 9. a. 4, SHOW OFF  
b. 2  
c. 3, at least you're honest  
d. -7, the points tell the story  
e. 5, Greetings Droog!

- 10. a. 5, Mike would be proud  
b. 5, we could of course be wrong  
c. 5, do you speak Swiss  
d. 4, you type like we do

- 11. a. 5  
b. 5, female; 0, male  
c. 1, \*  
d. 4, the address on page 3 is wrong

\* Gentlemen, please notice the question reads **dress**, not **caitan**.

- 12. a. 1, we all have our weaknesses  
b. 2  
c. 5, STARKIST doesn't want cats that...  
d. 0, you probably disco

- 13a. a. 0  
b. 5

- 13b. a. 0, do not pass go...  
b. 5  
c. 0, yeah, yeah, yeah  
d. 0, hic

- 14. a. 4, so you did  
b. 3, don't hold your breath  
c. 5, we appreciate loyalty  
d. 0, YAWN!

- 15. a. 0, LIAR  
b. 2, we don't like under achievers  
c. 0, WIMP  
d. 5, want to buy a used MG?  
e. 4, a bit extreme

- 16. a. 3, if both, you had problems  
b. 4, yeah mahann!  
c. 5, we can relate to that  
d. 1, WIMP  
e. 2, WONDER WIMP

- 17. a. 1  
b. 4, smart move  
c. 5, you've got class  
d. 1, similar to a in that they're both down under  
e. -2, YUK!!

- 18. a. 4, us too  
b. 5, good skiing down there  
c. 3, you lose both ways  
d. 1, no, it's a suburb of Picton

- 19. a. 0, Megalomaniac  
b. 0, WIMP  
c. 0, Dreamer  
d. 0, Everyone should dream

- 20. a. 3, inane  
b. 5, that's gross  
c. 4, you wish  
d. 1, egotist  
e. 0, a new D.C. comic

- 21. a. 4, romantic fool  
b. 1, yeah, yeah, yeah  
c. 5, well placed priorities  
d. 0, greedy imp  
e. 4, romantic (again)

- 22. a. 0, you too eh?  
b. 3, I bet you SMOF too  
c. 1, God hates you

d. 5, right on!

- 23. a. 3, fish killer!  
b. 0, what if it really was a bomb, STUPID  
c. 5, let Tucker deal with it

## RATING

0-50

Boy are you dull. You're the type of person who spends all his spare time filling out meaningless quizzes in hopes that they'll lie to you and tell you that you're really an ok guy and not the scum of the earth that you are. You should save us all the boredom you create, and commit suicide now. Let's all hope you get hit by a truck while you're taking your pet worm for a walk....YAWN...

50-100

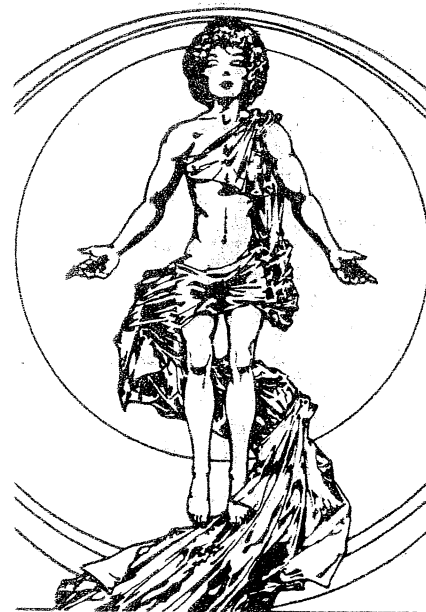
You're not dull, you're just mundane. You're the type of nice normal person that gave rise to such great things as the Dark Ages, Nazism, bowling, McDonalds and hubcaps. You probably have furry black dice hanging from your rear view mirror, and like Rod Stewart, the Who, and Blondie. Quick, who was the bad guy on last night's episode of Charlie's Angels?

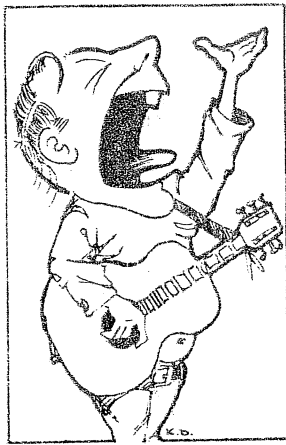
100-130

You're almost fannish! However, you lack the creativity and initiative that makes a fan.

OVER 130

YOU ARE A FAN!!! The obvious reason for this is that if you followed the instructions correctly there is no way you could achieve this score. We salute your creativity and initiative. ☐





# FILK

## PASTIMES

Once again we have been forced to print songs from our resources. Please help us cut the habit by sending in songs of your own, with chords if possible, for publication.

### THE SKYLAB SONG

Author Unknown  
(Kevin Davies, last verse)

C F C  
When NASA launched Skylab in '73  
C D7  
It was two steps for mankind and ten  
G7  
bucks for me  
C F C  
My brother paid taxes to put up a net  
C G7  
To get hit by a piece of our national  
C  
debt. (F, G7, C, F, C)

#### Chorus

Cause Skylab is falling and we don't  
know where  
It could fall over here, it might fall  
over there  
And people would shout when it comes  
into sight  
Hip, hip, hooray Chicken Little was  
right.

We should have realized in '75  
When the rocket that shot Skylab up  
took a dive  
We should have remembered those  
words of renown  
Whatever goes up, some day must  
come down.

Cause Skylab is falling and no one  
knows how  
To stop its re-entry or what to do now  
Insurance protection will open next  
week  
For details ask NASA or Jimmy the  
Greek.

When cavemen first tried throwing  
rocks in the air  
Most aimed for a place where a head  
wasn't there  
But science has brought us a long way  
since then  
If Skylab don't hit you we've got DC  
10.

#### Chorus

And now it's reported that Skylab is  
down  
It fell in the ocean and not on the  
ground  
Though no lives were lost, of women  
or men  
Those poor whales at sea didn't know  
what hit them.

#### Chorus

We should have remembered those  
words of renown  
Whatever goes up some day must come  
down.

### BAD GUYS (DROOG SONG)

PAUL WILLIAMS

We could have been anything that we  
wanted to be  
Now don't it make your heart glad  
That we decided, in fact we take pride  
in  
We became the best at being bad

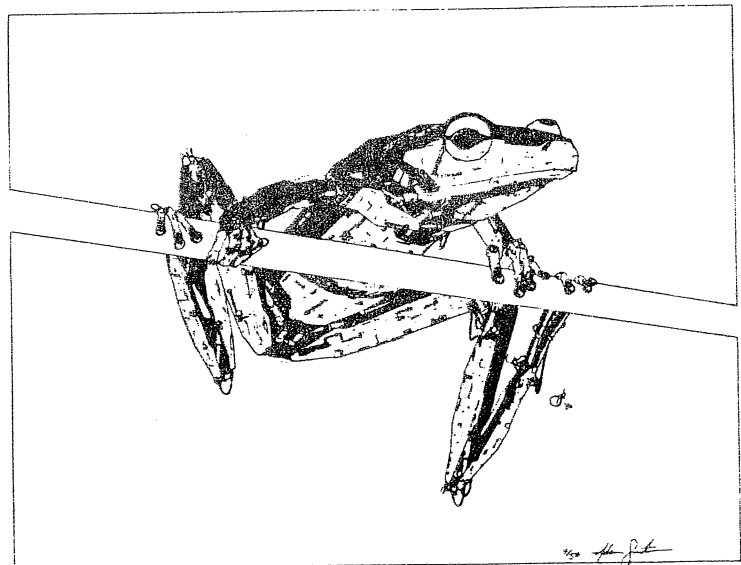
We could have been anything that we  
wanted to be  
Waith all the talent we have

No doubt about it, we whined and we  
pouted  
We're the very best at being bad guys

You're rotten to the core  
My congratulations, no one likes  
you anymore — bad guys  
We're the very worst  
Each of us contemptable, we're  
criticized and cursed  
We made the big time, malicious  
and mad  
We're the very best at being bad

We could have been anything that we  
wanted to be  
We took the easy way out  
With a little training, we mastered  
complaining  
Manners seemed unnecessary, we're so  
rude it's almost scary

We could have been anything that we  
wanted to be  
With all the talent we have  
With a little practise, we made every  
blacklist  
We're the very best at being bad guys  
We're the very best at being bad guys  
We're the very best at being bad






# Silver Snail

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